

PARODY ON

# The Lads of the Village

A NEW FLASH SONG.

*Same Tune.*



WHILE the Prigs of St. Giles's do wantonly chaw  
Sweet tobacco, talk flash, and drink gin;  
I call upon thee for to chant, or to jaw,  
Or bang all the MOLLS in the ken.  
While the prigs, &c.

Just then, when the youth who last week flood the patter  
With his MOLL has a hornpipe begun;  
And the flat of the town knowing nought of the matter,  
Like a mouth stands to grin at the fun.  
While the prigs, &c.

If we're scrag'd for our rigs, 'tis ourselves are to blame.  
That was always a maxim with me;  
And, if call'd in my turn, to be sure I'll die game,  
And that you may presently see.  
While the Prigs, &c.

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FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.